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THE DORIA PALACE AT GENOA.

THERE are few, if any, of the Italian cities which possess a greater number of attractions, both for the antiquarian and the artist, than Genoa. It stood amongst the foremost of three great republics of the fifteenth century, in which the wealth, liberty, art, and learning of the world were concentrated. To have produced Columbus and Doria was title enough to fame and admiration, if it had no other. But it was no less renowned for commercial enterprise and for daring hardihood by land and sea, than for the magnificent tastes of its great men. The mighty sailors who carried its flag triumphantly into every corner of the Mediterranean, and baffled the might of Mahomet II. in the straits of the Bosphorus, were as remarkable for the refinement of their tastes, in the retirement

out picturing in his mind's eye, that majestic figure, the lofty port, and the venerable gray hairs of Andrew Doria—the Father of his country, the rival of Gonzalvo de Cordova, the admiral of Francis I., the conqueror of Charles V. and of Barbarossa?

It would be well if the tourist in Italy could dwell upon these recollections solely, and shut out the present from his sight. The contrast is appalling. The liberty, wealth, learning, and genius which shed lustre round every wall and hillock in this classic land, have fled northward and westward; and here, in the birthplace of Petrarch, and of the Medicis, of Zeno, of Doria, of Titian and Michael Angelo, ruin and desolation and decay mark every yard we traverse. A race of



of their homes, as for their stern valour on the waves. In none was this combination so fully displayed as in Andrew Doria, the great admiral, whose virtues and exploits have formed the theme of so much eulogy, poetry, and romance. Amidst the wonderful amphitheatre of houses, temples, palaces, terraces, of which Genoa is composed, and which mirror themselves in the blue waves that dash their silvery foam on the strand beneath, his palace is the first object which strikes the eye and fixes the attention, with its colossal Neptune, its splendid gardens, and its ennobling memories. Who could look on it without being forcibly reminded of the great age in which it rose? How many noble and patriotic struggles, how many grand self-sacrifices, how much courage, constancy, and devotion, does the name of its founder alone call up? Who could gaze upon the white terrace in the gardens with-

slaves display their squalor and misery around the Ghiberti Gates at Florence—"those gates fit to form an entrance to Paradise;"* and at Genoa, those awful palaces, each a poem in stone, are mouldering to decay, as if blasted by a curse. The statue of Neptune, in the Doria gardens, is mutilated; the porticoes are falling into ruin. The sculptured trophies on the walls are hidden by lichens, and the sea roars over the grounds of him who so often baffled its fury. But even in desolation the palace is magnificent.

It was designed by Montoisoli, a Roman architect. The gates, statues, and arabesques are the work of Pierino del Vaga, the pupil of Raffaele. Many of his paintings still adorn the walls—"Children's Games," amongst others; and, as a contrast, "The War of the Giants."

* So said Michael Angelo.